The Pain of Witnessing Our Parents Age: A Personal Reflection.

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The most heart-wrenching experience is watching our parents grow older. Personally, I'd like to share how this affects me. It's often said that a daughter resembles her father the most, and I accept that notion. Like any father, mine loves his daughter deeply, even though he adores his wife just as much. My father, Mr. Amul Raj (known as Amul appa), is undeniably unique.

I can't even begin to describe the emotions this stirs in me.While every father strives for their children, my father is different from those around me. He distinguishes himself because of me. I'm 27 now, and since a childhood accident at the age of 5, my father has

carried me everywhere. I've witnessed the toll this has taken on his health, as he approaches his 60th birthday next May.

It's difficult to believe he's turning 60; he still looks youthful and strong, although not quite like in my younger years. His skin shows subtle signs of aging, his once-brown eyes have dulled, he has a good amount of hair, but he's now in the process of losing his hair and becoming bald, He naturally possesses well-defined biceps, but they're starting to show signs of aging with some wrinkles. It's becoming increasingly rare to find individuals of his strength and stature in today's generation. Carrying me up two or three flights of stairs has become more challenging. I've tried to avoid burdening him with my weight, even though I'm not heavy I can sense the tremors in his hands when he carries me for an extended period. As I get older, my appa is also aging. The realization that my parents are growing older brings me great pain. In recent months, my father has started taking blood pressure tablets. We are a family that typically avoids medications, relying on home remedies for even common ailments like fever or cold. However, now we have to depend on tablets. Seeing my father take these medications worries me. I can come to terms with the reality of aging, but I struggle to accept it when it comes to my father.

I fear he may develop diabetes, and the thought of him suffering from kidney stones breaks my heart. I often have dark thoughts during these times. Another tablet adds to his list of medications. It might sound silly, but the thought of my parents aging and the fear of their health declining pains me deeply. People might ask why I'm not as concerned about my amma. She is 45, and I know she's mentally and physically strong compared to appa. Furthermore, I don't know why appa holds a higher priority in my heart. Whenever these thoughts consume me, I stop praying for myself. For nearly a year and a half, my only prayer has been that I cannot bear to see my amma and appa suffer due to their health, especially appa given his age. I can't bear to see them reach the end of their lives. Before anything happens to them, take me instead. Spare me the pain of witnessing their health deteriorate for any reason. These feelings are not recent, but they have grown stronger in recent days. Despite my father's youthful and robust nature, what's even more remarkable is his enduring romantic connection with my Amma 😘🥰😘. *"I ask God for one thing: to protect my parents for as long as I live."*

"Reflections on Parental Aging: A Daughter's Perspective"

In the passage of time, parents grow old,
Their journey unfolds, stories to be told.
A father’s love, so deep and sincere,
A daughter’s bond, cherished and clear.

Amul appa, unique and dear,
The weight of years, he carries with cheer.
In aging’s embrace, we see him transform,
Yet love’s enduring, weathering the storm.

With fading eyes and biceps so strong,
Amid wrinkles and tremors, we all belong.
A journey of life, in this tender grace,
Our parents’ love, a warm embrace.

Worries arise, as tablets they take,
A family that’s thrived on healing’s sake.

Accepting the years, the trials they bear,
A daughter's love, a silent prayer.

In the midst of these fears and emotional strife,
A daughter's wish, to protect their life.
Before the end, shadows may cast,
To spare them pain, is all she asks.

These feelings run deep, a heart's refrain,
A tribute to parents, enduring love's chain…💛💛💛

Coping with My Father's Unintentional Hurtful Words and My Struggle with Acceptance.

I'm not sure if it was just a coincidence, but this morning, I was sharing my concerns about my father's aging. In the evening, my father was helping me to the bathroom, and he accidentally slipped. Worried, I asked, "What happened, Appa?" He responded harshly, "I can't carry you, what can I do?" as he assisted me. I felt shattered and couldn't express my feelings. This morning, I was filled with tears of concern and fear, and now I'm overwhelmed with hurt and guilt over the same incident. I don't know how to handle this situation or find a permanent solution.

It was clear that my father didn't mean to hurt me intentionally, but hearing those words about being a burden hurts deeply and makes me feel worthless. Some may suggest using a wheelchair. I've spent nearly 22 years as a paraplegic, and for 20 of those years, I held onto the belief that I could walk someday. However, I'm finally accepting that I can't walk. Can embracing this new reality and using a wheelchair change anything? It might bring some comfort to my parents after all these years of my life without a wheelchair, but will it change the challenges I face now or those I've faced in the past? I'm unsure of how to cope with this situation. I suppose I'll have to go with the flow and see what comes my way. Is there anyone who can offer guidance or advice?